WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1884.

A Matutinal Episode.

[Larry Williams.]
As the sun lifted his big red face up
over the lake a lurid gleam from his lusty eye fell directly across the sleeping face of Mistress Bessie McIntosh. aged 22, a bride of a year, resident of Lake View. Opening her eyes in a wild and startled manner she sat up and looked around her. Her face, framed by the ruffle of delicate lace which encircled the tiny cap, expressed wonder, doubt, distress, and finally,

"Are you there, Fred? Oh, yes. It's all right; I know now. Oh, I have had such a dream! And I woke with the sun shining right in my face. I dreamed I was married to Cousin Chawly, and he bought me such a lovely white satin dress. Isn't that an awfully bad sign? What can be going to happen? And he came home d-dr-drunk one night, and the next morning he had on a golden armor, and the visor was studded with diamonds, and—oh, how it did blaze, and how magnificent he did look! And I turned to admire hi and tell him how much I 1-loved him, when I saw lying at his feet a pair of bracelets, each with a dozen bangles, and each bangle a great, immense diamond. Why, those are for you, Bessie, he said, and, as I stopped to pick them up, each diamond seemed a glittering serpent, which was reaching up to embrace me. Then I woke, so frightened. I am going to get right up and dress, for I never, never can sleep again after

So Mistress Bessie proceeded to put her words into execution. Two dainty white feet, which Cinderella's slippers might have encompassed, faced themwhite hand threw back the snowy convriette, and Undine emerged from the sea. Her toilet having been arranged to her entire satisfaction, though it must be said no great pains had been taken with it, she sat down in an armchair much too large for her, and, in a drowsy, yawning way, began to repent of her hasty conclusion to forego her secustomed morning nap.

"Oh, dear," she yawned, "how awis a soul astir in the house. But that horrid dream. Don't von know, Fred. that dreams of white wedding robes and lewels are always followed by the death of one of those to be married or of some one near? And what if Cousin Chawly should die? He has had such bad luck always. Everything seems to go against him," and she tied and un-tied the kerchief around her neck as ahe talked. A long silence. "I think I hear Judith in the kitchen. Perhaps you had better rise, Fred. We can have an early breakfast if we before you go into the city. But if anything is happening to Cousin Chawly perhaps we had better forego sure," she added in a tearful As there was no response from

fallen asleep. Going to the window she parted the curtains and gave the shade an upward push, which sent it to the top with a whack, much to her astonishment, and thereby letting in a flood of radiant sunshine. She looked very lovely as she stood there, her er figure enveloped in the sunny glow. Her red-brown hair had been coiled on the very top of her head, and the bangs had been deftly parted and brushed back at the sides—the whole well poised head. She was not thinking of her personal appearance as she atood there, nor of the fine sunrise at which she seemed to be gazing.

"Oh, if he should find out," she thought, "it would spoil all. Only a few more days and there would be no secrets between us." So, stepping upon a chair and stretching her arm to its greatest possible length, she grasped he cord and drew the shade gently down, and, closing the curtains, she softly left the room. Left thus alone "to sleep, perchance to dream," Mr. Frederic McIntosh turned him upon his uneasy pillow and sought repose. With a dam of the blind he shut out the amo, ous sunbeams that had lain so lovingly upon Bessie's face, as if to highten and brighten her troubled sleep. Cousin Charles had been a rejected suitor of Bessie's, so he had believed, upon the basis of consanguinity; yet he was not positive of this. He had gone off to Dakota to g. ow up with the country, they said. Tw. ce in one week Bessie had dreamed of him and had been unusually excited each time. Bosh! What nonsense. Yet it was rather queer they had never heard from him. Come to think about it. Bessie had met some people from Dakots at Wankesha. Could it be she had heard from him, was corresponding with him, and was keeping the guilty secret? He remembered now that one evening he came home unexpectedly and found her in her dressing room writing, and she had hastily hidden the sheet at his approach and thought he had not noticed. Phew! What's in a dream! Never was one yet worth the sacrifice of a nap after sunrise. And thus he tried to throw the subject from his mind or to account for it all in a edge. The point is sharp and strong. reasonable and legitimate manner. But all to no purpose. The imp of dark-ness was dancing jigs in the chambers of his brain. Sleep had forsaken the portain of that quiet room, which was Lind. So after vain efforts to court the drowsy god, he determined to arise

drawsy god, he determined to arise and dress.

Now Mr. M. was nothing if not disarty. Pentyering the water to the proper warmth by adding from a impained putther which stood near on a main small quarteties of hot water, and frequently testing the same by a gentle stir with the foreinger, he at last obtained the felling of fall enheit and proceeded to perform his morang ablutions.

The effect seemed to be salutary, for he because which the file with a touch of his food he gave a hassock a send-off which landed it in close proximity the waste-paper basket, which in turn laid itself over on its side and spread out its itself over on its side and spread out its contents on the carpet. Finally rolling in the direction of a small plaque on notiony in black and white," known Cousin Chawles, and done by sie's own hand. This fortunately one of two red blossoms, which had den left upon a small writing table Alma Strart Stanley's a dog, given to her in California; Ada Dyas cultivates of a collapsible bladder. A telephone her in California; Ada Dyas cultivates white mice, Rose Coghlan divides her white mice, Rose Coghlan divides her and can not float away, with the shore left upon a small writing table his eye caught the upturned Charles Barron; an envelope containing a part of the address, as the writer had not been pleased with her hand self.

and had tried again. Then a letter head commencing, "Dear Cousin Char-ley." Searching carefully through the ley." Searching carefully through the basket he found no other trace of Bes sie's guilt, and folding these up in s small package he put them safely in his pocket. He finished his toilet care fully and sat down by the window to think it all out. He was quickly interrupted by a rustle of starched muslins and the quick patter of slippered feet, and Bessie came into the room in a state of wild excitement.

"Oh, Fred, there is a messenger the door. A messenger. I saw him coming. It must be from Chawly. My dream, my dream," and down went the tearful face into the depths of a pillow. "If it is a messenger of death from him let us admit him with open arms,' said Fred.

"Oh, how awfully cruel you are Chawly would never be so cruel to you. I think you really wish he was dead," and her tears were quickly dried in the sudden heat of passion. She looked at him with amazement. Then he took the small package containing the proof of her perfidy, and, rising np in his indignation, stood confronting

"These small bits of paper tell all I want to know of you. It seems that though cousins may not marry, there is no reason why they may not keep up clandestine correspondence, dream of each other, and perhaps exchange

"A telegram," said Judith, through the half-open door. Bessie sprang for for it, and, tearing open the envelope,

read aloud:

HURON, D. T., Aug. —, 1883.—I was married this 12 m. Congrats will be received.

CHARLES BARRON.

"Oh, I am so glad," cried Bessie; and she danced all over the room and laughed and cried alternately.

"How that horrid dream did frighten the state of the room and laughed and cried alternately.

me. It's safely over at last, but I won-der why they hastened the day. But you don't know anything about it Fred, and now I must tell you the jolliest secret. You know I met some ladies at Waukesha who had been to Dakota-Mrs. Kimball and her two daughters. Well, I found they were acquainted with Chawly, and it came out that Chawly and Miss Lois were engaged, and we had such a nice time about it. Well, as they were to be married on our anniversary, I thought I would keep it for one of the surprises on that day. But it was awful hard to keep. Now that you know it, you must help me write the letter of congratulation. have been trying, but nothing I can think of pleases me. What's the matter, Fred, you look so queer?"

That's the bell. Let us go down to breakfast," was all the consciencestricken man could say.

Clean and Happy Dutch People. [Holland Cor. St. Louis Republican.] for the taste of the Dutch in their domestic architecture. The houses are lofty and irregular, without lines of beauty or advantages usually of location. They are very clean and are white with point. The furnishing is orim and uncozy, but it is pre eminently whole some. The flower gardens are models of nertness, if featureless as to arrangement. The cleanliness of the people is not only proverbial but is pursued to an excess that amounts almost to a mania. One may rest assured of clean linen in Holland. The houses are washed inside and out. The chickens are washed. the goats, cows, oxen, mules and horses are washed. Everything is scoured religiously. Vermin are considered a disgrace. A Dutch housewife on

discovering a cobweb, will not only remove it, but will scour and scald the place where she found it and will institute a hunt for the spider which is not remitted until she has the insect's corpse under the dust. The houses have big gilt letters upon their facades to express the sentiment of their owners. They are all expressive of content and full of kernels of philosophy of life. "Lust en Rust" indicates the pleasure and repose of the owner, "Mijn Genoejen" shows his entire satisfaction, "Mijn Lust en Leven" indicates that the home is his pleasure and life, "Builen Zorg" discloses that the owner is without care and "Vrengde bij Vrede" shows that he has joy with his place. Some have longer titles with fuller sentiments. The whole tone of the country life leaves the impression that the people

Bowie Knives.

[New York Sun.] "Is the present bowie knife the same shape as the earlier one?" There is not much variation in the shape of the real bowie. Many persons call almost any broad bladed hunting knife a bowie knife. The real bowie knife has a 'clip' point. There is a knife which has a spear point, and which is similar to the bowie knife in every other respect. Nine people out of ten will tell you that it is a bowie knife. Formerly bowie knives had blades from ten to fifteen inches in length, and were two inches broad, and proportionately thick. Now the blades are often made as short as five inches. and rerely are longer than twelve inches. A five-inch bowie blade is one inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick. The bowie knife has a single The 'clip' extends about one-third the length of the blade, and gives the knife a wicked appearance."

The Tragedles of the Nest. [John Burroughs in The Century.]

The song birds nearly all build low: their cradle is not upon the tree top. It is only birds of prey that fear danger from below more than from above that seek the higher branches for their nests. A line five feet from the ground would run above more than half the nests, and one ten feet would bound more than three-fourths of them. It is only the oriole and the wood pewee that, as a rule, go higher than this. The crows and jays and other enemies of the birds have learned to explore this belt pretty thoroughly. But the leaves and protective coloring of most nests baffle them as effectually, no doubt, as they do the professional

oologist.

The New York Journal has been ascertaining the petting propensities of a number of leading actresses, from Rankin's favorite is a Mexican dog, Ada Gilman's a squirrel, Agnes Elliott's a monkey, Mme. Ponisi's a cat called nts upon the carpet. Stooping affection between a pug and a Skye or a boat above. terrier, Fanny Davenport keeps fish in an aquarium, Alice Harrison inclines to numerous dogs, Ettie Henderson dotes on poultry, Mary Anderson has a and Sarah Jewett has no pet but her-

True Dramatic Art. (Labouchere in London Truth.)

Art consists in concealing art. Ne but she cannot really feel it. If she is than the perfection of art.

she really had felt what she had beer portraying. Her reply was to parody tensity into some of her scenes is true mill and a country store. but to expect her really to believe that The woodland has so encroached she is in the power of a savage, or that upon these deserted farms that our her father is about to be enslaved, is friend is confident there is more woodsimply to ask her to be a fool.

is the basis of true acting is nothing time during the last forty years. In which enables its possessor to ham, Windsor, and Rutland our insimulate sensibility at will. Talma was formant found, he assures us, plenty of supposed to excel himself by the way evidence of deserted farms and decayin which he pronounced the words he ing towns along either side of the might have died.' Now, evidently, he mountain range, and these deserted had studied how to say them, and how farms are not being reoccupied by any to look when he did say them; and he returning wanderer, although most of certainly never imagined that he was actually the stern father in whose beauty and attractiveness. Among mouth the words are placed; if he 'had these towns are Readsboro, Somerset, he probably would have uttered then Searsburg, Sunderland, Wardsboro, most ineffectively. Full allowance mus Jamaica, Peru, Lanagrove, Weston, be made on the stage for what may be Plymouth, Shaftsbury, Windhall, and called 'stage pergraphics'. called 'stage perspective.' Nothing is more erroneous than to suppose that 'natural' acting is natural. An artist doing precisely on the stage what in a like situation would be done off it would look ridiculous, except in 'tea cur

The Wonders of the Baby Oyster.

[New York Journal.] Prof. H. J. Rice, employed to attend to experiments in fish-hatching, said addressing a reporter: "I will show you the proboscis of an oyster, something rarely seen except by scientists experimenting like myself. You see in this little bowl of water something that looks like a piece of thin scale, with a fragment of substance to it, all the size of a lady's finger-nail; well, that's an infant oyster, about a month old. I will now place it under the microscope, and you will then discover the

He at once drew back in horror, and grasped for the table. The professor smiled. Through the tubes of the microscope the reporter gazed again, into a wide sea wherein lay a hideous monster, and from its indescribable body there rose a great serpentme con which swayed hither and thither as if searching for a victim.

of the proboscis yet, but think that, like an elephant's trunk, it is made use of to catch and pass the food to the mouth. When the oyster is five months old it loses its proboscis; that is, it is absorbed and becomes part of the lips." "I have counted the pulsations of the

heart," said the professor, "and it ran

from thirty-five to fifty a minute; that stretched away out into the sea were a attended a circus or a theatre." number of long arms, but without hands or fingers, and the monster kept stretching them out and pulling them

The Chinese in Oregon.

[Portland Cor. Baltimore American.] We all made another visit among the Chinese quarters, and found that the shops are to me great curiosities, as are store. When you go in to buy you are at once surrounded by ten or a dozen of the Celestials, who chatter like magpies, and seem to be engaged in con-sultation as to who you are, or whether they will allow you to purchase their goods or not. When a bargain is struck they all seem to be delighted. and a peculiarly child-like and bland expression covers their idiotic-looking faces that resembles a streak of sunshine over the Snake river at Ainsworth station. They are very honest in their dealings, and one Chinaman ran six squares to give me a bundle I had left

Taxing Bachelors.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.] The colonists in America were not slow in adopting measures of taxing bachelors, for in 1695 the local authorities of Eastham, in Massachusetts, voted that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds or forsake his class, and with what dilithree crows yearly while he remained single, and that as a penalty for not during illness; rules fixing his behav-obeying the order he should not get ior to his teacher in and out of school married until he had destroyed the hours; and a variety of other rules in requisite number in area. In 1856 the assembly of Maryland laid a-tax of 5 shillings a year upon all bachelors above 25 years of age who were possessed of \$500, and of 20 shillings a year upon all bachelors and widowers without children who were above that age and possessed of \$1,500.

[Cassell's Magazine.] At the forthcoming international exhibition of Naples will be exhibited in action a submarine observatory, or balloon, which will sink people to the botwhere they can enjoy the natural loon of steel, with three compartments -one for the actuating mechanism and heating bladder, one for the captain, and one for the passengers, to the number of eight. There are glass windows for looking out at the fishes, shells and weeds, and the height of the balloon in Methusalem, Agnes Booth's a parrot, the water is regulated at will by means

what iff a woman is called "curiosity" in a man is grandiloquently magnified into the "spirit of inquiry.

George Washington weighed 209 pounds at the close of the revolution ary war.

Descried Farms in Vermont.

Vermont fairs show better butter and great actor or actress that ever lived cheese, better cattle and sheep, than was really natural, al though mar they did forty years ago, but the farm-have pretended that they were. If s ers' teams do not stand for as good girl on a stage approaches a precipice horse stock as they did then; there are of cardboard, over which she is to be fewer farms we suspect in Vermont; hurled on to a concealed feather bed there are as many deserted farms and she may portray the emotion of fear decayed towns in southern Vermont to-day as there ever were in our hisimploring some one to save her life tory; at least that is the testimony with whom she knows that she will be given us by a very intelligent farmgossiping five minutes later, she can bred lawyer who has recently personnot herself imagine that her life is it ally visited the towns that touch either danger. In both cases she must simu side of the Green mountains, from the late, and she is a good or bad actress Massachusetts line to Addison county. in proportion as she does this effect In Stratton, where Webster, in 1840, ively. Tragic intensity is nothing more addressed the great Whig mass-meet-I remember once being behind the spent the night is a ruin and the farm scenes in a theatre while Rachel was deserted. In the woodland you meet thrilling an audience before the curtain the ruins of the old four-foot stone When she came off she was perfectly wall; in Somerset you find in the forest cool and collected. I asked her whether stone walls and the remains of an old highway; the decaying abutments of a former L. idge across the stream are all the scene. That Miss Anderson might that remain of the civilization that was with advantage throw a little more in once represented by a church, a grist

land to-day in the mountain towns of 'The 'sensibility' that Talma says Vermont than there has been at any than a nervous organization the old counties of Bennington, Windseveral mountain towns in Rutland county. Our friend thinks that towns touching the mountains on either side have been permanently deserted.

The future of Vermont, if she is to increase henceforth largely in wealth and population, lies in manufactures, and this is true, not only of Vermont, but of all New England. If the railroads would only give manufacturers a fair chance to live, they would increase and multiple. The growth of Rutland, of Bellows Falls and of the other places in Wealth and population, is due to the development and growth of manufactures. There is water power enough wasted in Vermont that, if utilized in manufactures, would add a fourth to manufactures. and population, lies in manufactures, not enlarged agriculture, and this is manufactures, would add a fourth to will be vexed by no new water-wheels,

strange smokes. and section of the state are very comthe severity of the average farmer's fight for a competence in Vermont.

> A Life-Long Debauch. [Philadelphia Times.]

caster, in the bar-room of the Girard of a full-grown oyster does not beat so house. "I am 63 years old and have fast. I will now show you its tentacles." never used tobacco in any form, never Again the lens was adjusted and the have tasted malt or spirituous liquors, and on the cushioned walls hang a thermonster examined, and from its sides never have been at a horse race or "Yours has been an exemplary life, judge," replied The Times man.

"Well. I don't know that it has," continued the judge, sadly. "I am, after all, no better than other men; for the past forty-eight years I have been the abject slave to one ungovernable appetite. This indulgence has gained such absolute control of me that I can Villard party had almost depleted their not exist four or five hours without stock of curios, leaving for us a lot of gratifying it. I resolve and re-redried meats, fish, and such uninviting solve to break it off, but I am weak—and unsavory things. These Chinese very weak—and finally yield. I can not go half a day without it. No, I hotels, when political stories are in the Chinamen who conduct them. You daren't travel where I can't obtain it. often see the finest of Chinese goods, It is killing me. Twenty years ago I like silks and crepes and a general as weighed 220 pounds. Now I weigh sortment of the costliest articles, mixed up with a butcher shop and a vegetable of the costliest articles, mixed to the cost like a long road to him before he would order, you will occasionally hear some old stager remark that "a pig once made Andrew Jackson president." It was never my fortune to meet one who do it seemed incomprehensible enough them. Those who, in beginning to read, the condition of the cost like a long road to him before he would get to "immateriality" and "incomprehensible enough the could remember how it came about, but could remember how it came about, but then. Those who, in beginning to read, discovered that "She fed the old hen,"

confession.
"Mush and milk," was the solemn
and humilisting rejouder.

Cor. London Globe.1 Appearances are certainly not in favor of the view that there is any seri-ous lack of discipline in the middle and elementary schools of the empire. To judge by the regulations the gymna-sium, for instance, is quite a model of strictness and propriety. The scholar is kept in order by rules from the very cutset of his educational paragraphs. outset of his educational career in one of these establishments. There are rules regulating his attendance at church and behavior during divine services: rules showing him when he is to have helidays and when to return from them; under what pretexts he may gence he must make up for time lost hours; and a variety of other rules in popular—that popularity gave Jackson eulcating politeness, honesty, truth early rising, etc.

Relaxation must be indulged in care fully; amusement he cannot have at all if it can only take the form of the criticisms uttered upon their per-"theatrical representations harmful to formances. An amusing story in regard the moral sentiments." Masquerades to this is told of the elder Mathews he must not visit, nor must he enter the who upon one occasion played "Rich hair is an abomination with the school unnecessarily. authorities, and if the pupil has unwittingly encouraged the growth of a lighted each other to their inn, in the hope beard, he can only hope to escape of liberal applause from the landlord, punishment by a timely visit to the to whom they had presented a ticket. barber's shop. Ornament of all kinds, But, though thus handsomely treated, in fact, is forbidden, and so into the their host sat silent, and even when insame category with the "unnecessary" vited to join them in a glass and smoke, beard are thrust the unnecessary ring, he maintained the same attitude of abwalking-stick, and eyeglass. Saluting solute quiet, till at length, finding that the emperor when met in the street is every circuitous approach to the subject provided for by a very strict regula was hopeless, Mathews attacked him into desuetude of late years rather he, "how did you like our acting?" owing to want of opportunity than lack This question so put was not to be evaded.

other objectionable places of resort. | good fight,"and left the room.

A MARYLANDESTATE.

How the Negroes Were Provided for

Fred Douglass, in his autobiography thus describes the management of a Maryland estate, in the times of slavery: "The men and the women slaves on Col. Lloyd's farm received as their morthly allowance of food eight pounds of pickled pork or their equivalent in fish. The pork was often tainted and the fish was of the poorest quality— herrings—which would bring very little if offered for sale at any northern market. With their pork or fish they had one bushel of Indian meal, unbolted, of which about 15 per cent. was fit only to feed pigs. With this one pound of salt was given, and this was the entire monthly allowance of a fullgrown slave, working constantly in the oper field from morning till night every day in the month except Sunday, and living on a fraction more than a quarter of a pound of meat per day and less than a peck of corn meal per week. The yearly allowance of clothing consisted of two tow-linen shirts, such as the coarest crash towels are made of; two pairs of trousers, one for summer and one for winter: one winter jacket. one pair of yarn stockings, and only one pair of shoes. The slave's entire apparel could not have cost more than

The little boys and girls were nearly all in a state of perfect nudity. A coarse blanket, such as cover horses, was their only bed. The little children stack themselves in holes and corners about the quarters, often in the corner of the huge chimneys, with their feet in the ashes to keep them warm. More sleves were whipped for oversleeping than for any other fault. Neither age nor sex found any favor. The overseer stood at the quarter-door armed with the stick and cowskin, ready to whip any who was a few minutes behind time. Young were compelled to take their children with them, and to leave them in the corner of the fence to prevent loss of

our population and wealth in twenty A Banker's Family Traveling Coach. years. But, until the railroads stop [Chicago Times] rubbing out the manufacturer with A coach in which a banker of Penntheir exorbitant freights, the streams sylvania is traveling with his family is was like the ringing of a joyful knel!, described as follows: The outside has and in our relief both battalions fairly nor the sky dimmed by any new and seats for three in front and two back; danced as roar after roar of laughter we presume that deserted farms are front seat, and one large headlight is escape from a mistake too common then, not so common in the northern half of on the dashbeard. Here also are a vermont as in the southern part, but block, an ax, a knife, a pistol and other derous fire into another. The major's an excellent lawyer of Chittender things. On the left side of the coach, control who has a country who has a co lessly mortgaged farms in his county willow trunk, immediately back of which the tent, camp chairs and mon, and the number of such mort- blankets are stored. Under the back gaged farms is something of a clue to step is a place for another large willow trunk, hanging behind which is a step-

ladder to be used by ladies when taking seats on the outside of the coach. In side the boot all kinds of cooking utensils are packed. On the side of the "No, I'm obliged to you, I don't coach are willow cases for canes, um-drink," replied Judge Gibbons, of Lan-brellas, fishing rods and guns. Inside brellas, fishing rods and guns. Inside are two roomy seats facing each other, accommodating six persons. In the cushions of the doors are map pockets, mometer, a barometer, a 2pass, a clock, night lamp and maten Lox, and near the top are racks filled with note paper and envelopes. The vehicle weighs only 1,370 pounds, and the reins are handled by the owner, who generally makes from twenty-five to forty miles daily. The party go into camp at 12 o'clock. The horses are then picketed

> How a Pig Made a President Boston Globe.

About this time in knots about the sunny corners and around depots and could remember how it came about, but in a copy of The American Traveler for December 19, 1828, being volume IV., "What form does this deadly dissipation take?" asked the reporter, in amazement, prepared for an appalling of the American Traveler for December 19, 1828, being volume IV.,

No. 50, I find all the particulars, which wood and coal," "A tiger will kill and I copy for the benefit of the Society for eat a man," and other similar facts, little the Perpetuation of Old Stories.

dawn of the nineteenth century, in the town of Cranston, R. I., Mr. Somebody's pig smelt a cabbage in a neighbor's garden-he rooted through the fence and demoralized said garden—the garden owner sued the pig's proprieone of Burrill's party, who stayed away on account of the lawsuit aforesaidthe said tie was unravelled by the casting vote of the speaker in favor of Burrill's opponent, Jeremish B. Howell-Jeremiah voted for the war which James would not have done-the war was made by a majority of one in the national senate—the war made Gen. Jackson the presidency.

The Landlord's Verdict. [Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Actors are proverbially interested in wine cellar, the coffee tavern, or the mond" to a friend's "Richard III," and, confectioner's shop. He is held to as they were both good fencers, they cleanliness of person and forbidden to fought the fight at the end with uncomsmoke tobacco or drink spirits. Long mon vigor, and prolonged it somewhat After the performance the two stars

at the process of identification. tion, the observance of which has fallen with the direct question. "Pray," said taries of the Episcopal church did not The landlord looked perplexed, his eyes for long terms of years, the houses were the whole body swathed with thongs, Of course the scholar has a uniform. Sought the ground. He at length slowly sub-let for disreputable purposes. A withes, ropes and rawhides, and after-This is indispensable. It teaches the took his pipe from his mouth, drained recent investigation shows, however, ward tied up in a net, and then release military idea how to shoot, and it gives his glass, went to the fireplace and that a very large portion of the revenue themselves almost instantly on being material assistance to the police, who deliberately knocked the ashes out of the church comes from these unhalare empowered to enforce the regula: his pipe, then, looking at the expect- lowed resources. The agitation of this skins, constructed for the purpose, the tions prohibiting the visits of students ants for a moment, he exclaimed, in a matter will hasten the day when there bonds being thrown out through an tions prohibiting the visits of students and for a moment, he exclaimed, in a matter will hasten the day when there opening in the top, without a knot being twice as large as O opening in the top, without a knot being as large as France.

[James Logie Robertson.] O fair is life, as foam bells on the wave; Yet frail as fair, as fragile as the bell; A little while to flourish and look well, And a long while to molder in the grave! The beauty born of flesh what, what e

save? The lion's eye, the leopard's glossy fell, The visionary grace of the gazelle, Life at its loveliest—graceful, brilliant, brav The land has bubbles as the water has,

hour,
They lighten in the sun; comes fate, they pas
After a little, little lease of power—
Heedlessiy o'er them runs the feeble grass,
And all their monument's an alien flower.

THE MAJOR'S SNEEZE How a Famous "Three-Times-Three" Averted a Military Disaster.

Inter Ocean "Curbstone Crayons," The sneeze was one of the old-fash ioned whoopee-oo-whoop, three-times-three order, and as the stalwart stranger gave himself up to the performance very much as a frisky horse would let himself loose in a kicking exploit, the hackmen and the people generally gathered about in smiling encourage ment. As the sneezer righted himself after the storm, and was wiping his face with his handkerchief. I was surprised to see my friend, the captain, step forward with eager spryness, and hear him shout, with the joyfulness of a man who had made a discovery, "Why, how do you do, major!"

The two men clutched each other and shook each other by the hands and the shoulders, and finally made me understand that they hadn't seen one another for nineteen years. The major had changed greatly, and he asked, in be-wilderment, how the captain knew him. By your sneeze," was the answer.
"There is no other sneeze like that in this country, you know. And when I heard it ring out, I remembered that time at Guyandotte, you know, and I knew Major Mitchell was before me."

Then turning to me the captain said: "That was our first scouting expedition early in the war. We landed in the evening to look up some guerrillas who had made a dash that day to the steamboat landing. The regiment divided, and the men went scampering over the country in gleeful recklessness. Soon t became very dark, and both battalions lost their way. Moving forward in line, one battalion came suddenly on a body of troops formed to receive them, with skirmishers out. Neither officers nor men were clear as to what the regulations called for in such a case, and there was a hurried, excited conference. The troops might be our own men, but they ignored every challenge, and we knew that they, like ourselves, were ready to fire. There was a minute of terrible suspense, everybody excited, everybody in doubt. Then suddenly there rang out from the ghostly line in the distance the major's double-shotted sneeze. It

Although the Webster Spelling-Book is not so common in the New England and middle states as it was thirty years ago, and in many places has entirely disappeared, the trade in it does not abate. As long ago as 1847 the claim on the cover was "one million copies are annually sold," and precisely the same claim is made by its publishers to-day. But the great bulk of the edition now, I think, goes to the south and west. The aggregated sales from the beginning of its publication down to date, amount to the astonishing number of 75,000,000 million copies.

The hundredth birth-year of a school book, still in successful life, is not an ordinary affair. But this year the friends of Webster's Spelling-Book can celebrate that anniversary. Few among those that are now happening are more worthy of honor.
But what pleasant memories remain

with those who long ago studied Webster's Spelling-Book! The very pages in their precise form are pictured for us on indelible tablets. It was a great triumph when the young student got to "Baker," for it was the first step away from monosyllables. But it seemed like a long road to him before he would thought that in all after life nothing It appears that away back in the early they might learn would ever seem so touching and significant.

Pueblos Thrashing Wheat.

[Cor. Inter Ocean.] In one or two places the thrashing of wheat was going on by driving a band of horses around an inclosed ring into which the wheat had been thrown; and at other places men were tossing over the grain and throwing it into the air, to let the wind blow the chaff away. This is the only manner of thrashing which the Taos valley dwellers practice. The process is slow, but time does not enter into the calculation of these peo-

[Chicago Tribune.]
The following incident is reported by the Belgian newspapers as having occurred at the recent Ostend horse races. King Leopold, who was present at the races, was talking to some gentlemen of his suite, when an English gentleman and lady passed by. The lady, pulling her husband's sleeve, whispered, "The king," and the Englishman calmly confronted the Belgian monarch, slowly produced a number of coins from his pocket, from which he selected a Belgian franc piece for the purpose of verifying the truth of his wife's statement After a long and minute comparison between the impression on the coin and the original, the Briton called out, with evident satisfaction, "Oh, yes, it is the king!" King Leopold, who had watched the scene, was highly amused

Church Property in Gin Palaces. [Demorest's Monthly.]

Canon Wilberforce is calling the at tention of the people of England to the great revenues which the Established church derives from its gin palaces, beer houses and even more disreputable establishments. Of course, the dignioriginally invest in this kind of propin England.

SECOND-HAND SCHOOL BOOKS Dealers Who Sell to New Genera-tions the Books That Others Have New York San. 1

"The trade in second-hand school books, through a recent industry," said a dealer, "has grown into considerable proportions, and to-day there is not an important city or village in the country which has not its dealer in secondhand school books. Here is my last catalogue and price list, which will give you some idea of the magnitude of the business:" [111]

The catalogue contained a list of more than thirty thousand text-books, mostly standard works, all listed at about one-half publisher's prices. reporter asked. cast of our books?" the

There are many sources. Publishers frequently introduce their books into schools by taking the text-books already in use and allowing something for them. We could formerly get these books for a little advance on saper dealers' prices, but many publishers now guard against this by having chopping-blocks and cleavers in their estab-lishments and chopping each book in two crosswise. There is no way in which such a book can be made salable. The old plan of tearing off covers was no safeguard, since we can recover school books of medium size for twelve cents per hundred. We get a great many books, most of which are unused, from teachers in district schools, to whom they are mailed by the publishers. But of course a majority of the books come from the pupils themselves, who are glad to part with them, an old school book having no value to most of them. Then we get an immense number from the smaller dealers in other parts of the country. Our larger New York houses have men constantly out for that pur-

pose. It may be that a second-hand dealer in Omaha will be the man to supply me with the particular text books I need to complete my stock. Publishers try to meet our competition by constantly changing their editions. But these changes react again, both teachers and pupils in many schools being opposed to the changes and adhering to the old editions. The only text-book, which is not much changed with each new edition is 'Webster's Spelling-book, of which a million copies a year are published, and which has been changed in no important respect since in ras first published in 1800. You can buy one of the latest editionfor 5 cents, but one of the first would be worth more than \$5. Five years is the average life of a school book. After that time the editions have so much changed that the book is value-

Rules for Riding. [Bob Burdette.] nearest yourself. If you stand on the wrong side, when you mount you will know your name is Johan Gotlieb Ernisignifolder. If you cannot mount from ears. You will light somewhere on his neck, and you will have plenty of time to adjust yourself while the horse is

Another method of mounting, largely practiced by young gentlemen from the city, is to balance yourself on one foot on the fence, and point the other leg at the horse, in the general direction of the saddle, saying "whoa" all the time. The horse, after this gesture has been repeated a few times, backs away, pulls the alleged rider off the fence, and walks up and down the lane with him at a rapid gallop. This gives the rider. in about ten minutes, all the exercise he wants for a week. If by some miracle you manage to get into the saddle, hold on with both hands and say "whoa." The faster the horse goes the tighter you must hold on, and the louder you

must "holler." If you are from New York or Philadelphia, you will shorten the stirrups until your knees are on a level with your chin. Then as you ride you will rise to your feet and stand in the attitude of a man peering over a fence to look for his dog, and then suddenly fall in the saddle like a man who has stepped on a banana peel. This is the English school. It is hard on the horse but is considered very graceful. A man can not wear false teeth, however, and ride in this manner.

[Chicago Herald.]

ages have suffered from the influences of superstition. Of living men, Prince Bismarck is cited as an example of its force. He will never commence an undertaking on Friday, nor sign any important document on that day. He hesitated to accept the title of count because there had been great mortality among the counts in Pomerania. He is said to have predicted the month, the day and even the hour of his own death. He is very greatly interested in astrology, and has been known to commend those who get their hair cut at the wane of the moon, although, as this is a very common German superstition. he is scarcely answerable for it.

[Chicago Herald.] D. M. Taylor, of Indianapolis, has succeeded, after fifteen years' constant effort, in producing a bloom on the Damperil or Australia glory pea, a great curiosity in the horticultural kingdom. The flower is of striking beauty, the petals forming an outline of the human face surmounted by a helmet. The leaves of the plant fold up at night like those of the sensitive plant. It grows in dry sand, the least moisture applied to either leaves or Worse and Worse.

The Boston Globe thinks it time to call a halt on the Anglomaniacs who a e substituting English terms for the American names used to designate United States money. It is bad enough to hear a nickle called a "tuppeneehapenny," but when it comes to calling a \$5 note "a pun," it's enough to make the eagle stretch his neck and scream.

Cunning Conjurors.

[Chicago Times.] The performances by the Davenport brothers and other spirits are clumsy compared with the acts of the far northwest Indians. The conjurors are legion that will permit themselves to be but in the leases they negotiated bound, not merely hand and foot, but lose. They are sold at so much a quart

A PLAYED-OUT AMERICANISM.

The Danger Invited by the Inde-pendence of the Self-Reliant American can GirL

[Chicago Herald. The frequency with which violence is now done to young women in this country suggests the idea that one Americanism has been carried too far. Europeans who have made a study of our social customs have been impressed with and not a little astonished by the independence, fearlessness and self-reliance of the American girl. In the home, on the street, on cars or steamboats, in parks, at places of amuse ment, on lonely country roads, and, in short, in nearly every walk of life, day or night, she may be found. sometimes in company, but often without. When strangers have expressed their amazement at the freedom granted the young women, and their wonder that harm was not done them, or that they were not misled the answer has usually been that the American girl was smart enough to take care of her self, and that there was no impropriety and certainly no danger, in her enjoying the companionship of her friends of either sex unwatched.

days. The daily record of murders, assaults, elopements, and so-called abductions shows that advantage has been taken of the custom which throws young girls entirely upon their own resources long before their arrival at womanhood. Many a young woman over whose dead body a verdict of murder or suicide has been passed has owed her destruction to chance acquaintances formed unknown to her parents at times when, obeying the unwritten law of the country, she has been "off by herself." Probably no one will deny that, if the social customs of England had been in force in this country, Jennie Cramer would yet be alive. Zoe Watkins, of St. Louis would not have gone down to shame and death; Miss . Churchill's parents would not be scouring the country for her in vain, and Rose Ambler would

This boast does not hold good in these

lowing the salutary example of Euro-pean society, their parents had exercised becoming care and watchfulness over them. These oft-repeated tragedies, most of them deeply mysterious, can be laid to the American habit of throwing the responsibilities of a man on the shoulders of young, weak, and inexperienced girls. In the light of these frightful crimes we can no longer afford to smile as of old at the alleged prudery of English society. It may be irksome at times, but it preserves

not have died by a murderer's hand on

the banks of the Raven stream if, fol-

the young and fair from murder and s English Art Progress.

[Jos. Hatton in Harper's Magazine.] Art schools have sprung the land; Lambeth has competed with Worcester, and both with the great potteries of the continent: Durham and Kidderminster have vied with the carnet face the crupper. Then everybody will looms of Brussels and the hand-weavers Manchester, Bradford and Belfast have consulted the best schools of design and color for their textile fabrics: the

illustrated newspapers have given the cottage and the nursery artistic substitutes for poor German prints; famous draughtsmen have adorned the fairy tales and fables of youthful literature with characteristic forms of beauty; the painter has left his garret among the London chimney-pots; and once more English architects and builders are erecting English houses in which all that was useful and picturesque in the "Old Kensington" and "Queen Anne" styles is restored and adapted to our greater knowledge and better sanitary skill, and more or less idealized through the impulse of the reaction that has set in against whitewashing church-wardens and the other Goths and Vandals of the interregnum now happily at an end.

A New Industry. [Texas Siftings.] "Let's go out and take a drink?" "Well,-er-you see, I can't leave

just now-not, anyway, until the affair breaks up." "What's the reason you can't leave before the thing winds up; got a lady

"No, I haven't got any lady, but—er -you see I'm hired to entertain these people for the evening—and—and—these clothes I've got on belong to Col. Yerger, and I don't think he has quite got enough confidence in me to leave the house with 'em. I see him looking down this way now. I'm a stranger in in these parts. But I've got a chum down at the foot of the stairs. His clothes ain't good enough to come up here in, and I guess he'll be only too

glad to go out and take a drink with

In Paris the law forbids the erection of houses more than five stories high; hence there are none of the eight and ten story buildings in the French capital, which are so numerous in New York. In English cities these great edifices are forbidden on the ground that no land owner has a right to exclude his neighbor from the light and air.

[Detroit Free Press] "My son," said a Chicago father, "I have just made my will, and left all my property to you, with Smith as ex-

The smart youth replied: "Then change it. Leave all the property to Smith, and make me the executor if you want me to enjoy any

In Kansas tramps are mildly referred to as "itinerant citizens."

The Coming Trotter.

[New York Tribune.] When the world sees a trotter cover mile in one minute and forty seconds. a feat accomplished by more than one thoroughbred, it will see a wholly new type, so different from the present animal that the theory of evolution will

A fortune awaits the man who will invent a penholder that you can't stick into the mucilage-bottle, and a mucilagebrush that won't go into the inkstand.

never stretch far enough to cover the

manufactures diamonds for actresses to

Told Her No. Dion Boucicault says Mrs. Langtry asked him if she was as handsome as Mary Anderson, and he told her no.

North Dakota is as large as England, twice as large as Ohio, and nearly half